

CHARLES WEBB'S

THE UNCERTAIN ENTERTAINMENT



GETTING BY

Lying in bed I can't see the freeway outside my window, I just hear its roar, which I imagine to be a hairdryer in the hands of a flawless geisha getting ready for me.

I'd hate for her to see my room -- two weeks worth of clothes on the floor, plus guitars, barbells, wads of dust, shoes, slippers, books, papers, an old tv antenna made with a coat hanger, handkerchiefs from my last cold ... that's what I remember. I don't often look.

I'll just imagine the crap gone.

Good.

Now, when I'm done with her, I can lay back on Louis XIV's bed and wait for an adventure to pick me up, blaring its horn and laughing.